

THE FLOWER AND THE BEE.

I asked the little, lowly flower,
Who gave her perfume sweet,
And dressed her in her velvet coat,
So beautiful and neat;
And she told me it was God
Who clothed her with such care,
And taught her how to sweetly breathe
Upon the evening air.

I asked the little busy bee
I saw among the flowers,
Who taught her how to gather sweets
To eat in winter hours,
From 'way down in a lily deep
She sung these words to me:
"Twas God the Father taught me how;
He teaches every bee."

—S. S. Advocate.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1902.

"HE LIKES TO LOVE."

Said a dear little one, only seven, the tears streaming from her eyes, at the close of Mr. Hammond's Sabbath afternoon address, "And did Jesus die for children like me?"

"Yes, dear, he did; he died for those who trust him."

"What did he love me for?"

What did he love you for? Ah, little one, you ask the great question which has hushed ten thousand hearts in wonder, love, and praise. But the young mind was still thinking while we were silent.

"It must be 'cause he likes to love."

"Yes, dear, you have just said the truth. It was not because we deserve it, but because he loves to love; or, in other words, God is love, and there lies the key of the whole mystery."

"Why, then, I should like to love him, May I?"

"Surely, dear; if he loves us so, he will like to have us love him back again."

"As a little child." The words recurred to us, and we felt that the little one had already learned lessons some of us take long to learn.—*Good Words*.

WHERE HE WAS HURT.

Among the many pets which had been collected by the ship's company was a monkey, so intelligent and brimful of pranks that he supplied amusement for every day and hour. He was especially fond of the surgeon, and followed him on his round at the hospital, and was frequently with him in his office. One day an officer in a friendly bout with a brother officer, rolled up a newspaper he was reading and threw it at him. He missed his aim, and the ball of paper hit a drum, which sent forth a "boom" very loud and startling. The monkey was standing near the drum, but not in contact with it. The ball of paper had not come near him, but he was very much frightened at the boom, and thought he had been hit. He began, in an agitated, trembling manner, to examine himself—felt his arms and legs, muttered and blinked his eyes, took up his tail and scanned it, passed his hands about his shoulders, across his neck, over his head; then he passed each toe under inspection, and again, beginning at his arms, finally settled on his left elbow as the seat of the injury.

As soon as he had convinced himself by sundry jabberings and arguments with himself, that he had located the mischief done him, he took the elbow in his right hand, and, hurrying to the doctor, he began chattering in mournful tones, rocking himself to and fro, tending his elbow as if it were a greatly afflicted member, and telling the doctor a long and earnest tale about his misfortune. The doctor leaned over and felt the elbow, patting it, and expressing great sympathy. But this would not satisfy Joeko. He went toward the doctor's office, looking back and chattering for him to follow. Finally the doctor followed, and, having rubbed the elbow with some preparation, Joeko became very comfortable, jabbering his thanks as plainly as if it had been in the King's English.

SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR MOTHER.

Never forget to show your love for mother. If you do not in your youth, it will rest like a weight upon your age. The heart of man or woman must be made insensible by reason of its sinning, that does not know what it is to cry out for a mother and a mother's love. No less a personage than Lord Macaulay says:

"Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed on

you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kindly anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—loved, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to be asleep; never her kiss of peace at night."

What heart does not echo to this sentiment from a man who won, by the grace of his head and heart, power beyond others? The love of her babies is very sweet to the mother's heart; but the watchful care of men and women who are privileged to say "mother" to the one who nursed them through infancy, is still more prized.

THE BUILDING OF THE FORT.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"Let's go down and build a fort
Beside the sea," said Willie.

"That is nice! come right along
And build one," answered Tilly.

So off they went with pail and spade
To build their fort of sand,

And frighten with their seashell guns
All pirates off from land.

But oh, the sea it was so blue!

The sky—it was so sunny!

There were so many white-winged ships
That—well, 'twas really funny,

But sitting there upon the fence
To watch the shining sea,

They quite forgot their fort, and so
'Twas never built, you see.

THE POPULAR TOMMY.

I read of a little boy, Tommy, who would give his last marble, run on errands all day, and never grumble; give the best place to somebody else, no matter who; and feel so glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he forgot himself. Everybody liked Tommy. Grandma smiled all over when she saw him coming. Aunt Winnie, who was a busy woman, smiled at him and said: "Just in time, Tommy; run and ——" When Tommy went to spend the day with grandma or Aunt Winnie, the folks at home all missed him. One would say: "Where is Tommy? I wish that he was at home." And another: "If Tommy were only here!" Tommy was one of the unselfish helpers. Are there any Tommies at your house?

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